

IN WEST TENNESSE.

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Clouston was borne to its last resting place in Elmwood cemetery, at which place the Clouston's many years ago bought and beautified a family lot. At the grave Mrs. Julia A. Hooks led a chorus in which all who could keep away the tears joined.

Miss Clouston inherited her lofty ideas from her parents and grandparents. The last day Miss Clouston was at school she asked a member of her class why a certain Miss had not entered school this year. Being told that her classmate had given up school to marry, she very positively said, "The entire class may marry if it chooses, but as for me, I mean to complete my education before giving marrying a thought." Surprise should not be shown at a young girl for having such common sense ideas when her parentage is known.

Joseph Clouster, Sr., who departed this life April 20, 1903 (was born Jan. 14, 1814. He came to Memphis in 1844. Old citizens of Memphis remember him as one of the most worthy of his time. There was no man in the entire South whose whole life was more worthy to be emulated than was his. Always striving to be somebody, he was soon filling in many positions of honor from the humble but respected porter to the high and dignified position of merchant. By thrift and industry he accumulated a substantial fortune. Later we find him retired to his quiet farm where he lived in peace and happiness. He was a devoted husband, a Christian gentleman and an indulgent father. Those who knew him best admired him most. He lived respected and died honored. The widow is spending her last days at the old homestead about six miles from the city, at which place the sad accident, above related, occurred. The day your correspondent called, he was forcibly impressed by the hospitality of this grand old woman whose queenly demeanor and natural accomplishments must be possessed by our women throughout the world before they can hope to secure the recognition and respect that should be given all women.

The long journey to the Clouston home is exceedingly lonely to one not accustomed to making it. During the several hours it required to reach there the only thought your correspondent had was how would he be received by perhaps the wealthiest woman of the race in the South. Before reaching the home we were impressed with the quiet and contentment that were so characteristic of the entire neighborhood.

The architectural work of the house, the plainness and comfort and in fact everything tells one that it was built many years ago. Everything was still as death itself, an ideal place for the student, no noise, not a sound could be heard except the barking of the dog, which brought the servant more promptly, perhaps, than the ringing of a bell. The servant politely carried my card in. A few minutes thereafter I was presented to a woman whose warm cordiality, whose every expression and perfect language were significant evidences that the lady was none other than Mrs. Clouston.

Being invited to walk in and have a seat I did so, for it is needless to say that I was tired.

Mrs. Clouston is an interesting con-

versationist, using language sufficiently choice to be that of a person one third her age. She keeps well informed on the natural events and can interest any one in telling of past history. She is a race woman in every sense the word means. She positively refused to be interviewed for publication until she was convinced that it would not only help The Colored American but benefit its many readers as well. After a few words of condolence for the loss of her daughter, the following conversation occurred: Correspondent: "I agree with you, Mrs. Clouston, when you say it seems so hard that you have buried your husband, your son and only daughter. As sad as this is, remember, that 'earth hath no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.'" Mrs. Clouston: "It would not seem so sad, it would not be so burdensome to me had my sweet girl died a natural death, but the sight of her standing on the porch yonder, with her arms outstretched, her body wrapped in flames, crying most piteously for 'mamma' will never leave my vision. I see her now, I see her every time I come to this gallery." Saying this the heart-broken mother wept most bitterly.

Recognizing the importance of changing the subject, she was shown an article in the Xmas issue of The Colored American. Seeing that she was interested in what she saw, the following conversation took place: Correspondent: "Mrs. Clouston, as you see, The Colored American is an illustrated journal. It has a circulation second to none. From what I know of Miss Clouston and judging by the high esteem in which the family is held by Memphians, I know I voice the feeling of every one when I ask you to allow us to publish not only Miss Clouston's picture, but yours as well. I am satisfied that the many readers of The Colored American in Memphis, as well as those in other cities who have not seen you for many years would be more than pleased to see your picture in the leading paper in the country." Mrs. Clouston was opposed to allowing the pictures to go in the paper and would not consent under any circumstances. She continued by saying that newspaper men had worried her no little for her picture, as well as the picture of her home. While she was emphatic in her refusal she was at all times extremely courteous. Being anxious to show the many readers of the Colored American the pictures of two of our greatest women, your correspondent left and returned a few days thereafter.

The last visit was in every respect as pleasant as the ones previously made. When the explanation was made as to how the pictures would help the paper, and the noble life of her daughter published to the world would inspire other girls to emulate her character, she very kindly consented. After spending the evening pleasantly reviewing interesting reminiscences of her early life and looking at photographs which had been taken fifty years ago, your correspondent left fully convinced that he had been entertained by a woman who from every standpoint is worthy to be called the mother of the whole race of women. May Christian men and women everywhere pray for this noble mother in this the saddest hour of her life. May her burdens grow less every day and

when she shall have shown the last girl the right pathway, may her eyes be closed in sweet repose until she awakes in Heaven with the daughter she loved so well, "in the world beyond, where troubles cease to worry and the weary are at rest."

BROM BONES.

A NEW LEAP YEAR.

Celebrated in a Novel Manner—  
Bachelors Give a Reception  
Which Eclipses All Previous Efforts.

The first leap year in the twentieth century was fitly celebrated Friday, January 1, 1904, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Gray, 2302 6th street, N. W., whither a large company of Washington ladies made their way in response to invitations sent out by Messrs. Andrew F. Hillyer William A. Joiner, James A. Cobb, James C. Wright, William A. Baltimore, Paul H. Bray, Dr. William A. Wells, and Arthur S. Gray.

Between the hours of four and seven p. m., the hours named for the reception, the scene in front of the residence was animated and brilliant. Handsome equipages and beautiful women, beautifully gowned were coming and going, while within merry maidens and mirthful men exchanged the compliments of the season to the strains of mellow music dispensed by Mr. Frank Childs. The guests were announced by Master Franklin H. Hillyer.

On entering the parlors the ladies were greeted by the receiving line, one end of which rested in the front parlor, while the other rested just in front of a "Lover's Bower," cleverly constructed of honeysuckles, palms, holly and mistletoe, at the entrance to which the over-hanging legend "Now or Never," mutely warned the unmated maiden of the transient opportunity which here offered itself to the matrimonial inclined. From "The Lover's Bower" the guests were led into "The Bachelors' Retreat," where they were served with chicken salad and rolls, cocoa, taking her departure each lady was presented with a souvenir card, about the border of which were grouped caricatures of the gentlemen participating, while at the bottom of the card was the inscription, "Wishing you Leap Year Luck," just printed above a dainty calendar for the year 1904.

In addition to upwards of 250 Washingtonians, there were present Mrs. Carlotta Barnes, of Kansas City, Mrs. Nettie Shelton, of Pittsburg, Miss Goines, of Flushing, N. Y., Mrs. Mollie Rodman, Mrs. M. P. Marshall, of San Francisco, Miss Edna Grey, of Minneapolis, Miss M. E. Pride, of Va., Miss Bertha E. Hughes, of Manchester, Va., Miss Theresa Lee, of Boston, Miss Lulu Ransom, of Millersburg, Pa., Miss Estelle Parker, of Hampton Institute, Miss S. DeLoach, of St. Louis, Mrs. R. B. Williams, of Winston-Salem, N. C., Miss Anderson, of New Hampshire, and Misses Ella R. Browne, Mary E. Sorrell, M. D. Lansey, F. B. Alexander and Nettie L. Bantum, all of Baltimore, and others.

Altogether "The Receivers' First Leap Year reception was a daring undertaking, skillfully planned and successfully executed.

If you have a spare room that you would like to rent to desirable parties, advertise them in THE AMERICAN.

If you have anything to sell, rent or exchange, put a small "ad." in this column. The results will be assured. Try it.

DRESS MAKING ACADEMY.

The de Lam Orton Famous French Perfection Tailor System, Mme. J. A. Smallwood, sole agent, 1513 Madison street, northwest.  
Morning class from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.  
Afternoon class 2 to 5 p. m. daily.  
Evenings from 7:30 to 10 o'clock.  
Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.  
dressmakers and ladies who wish to do their own dress-making.

WANTED.—To learn the wonderful De Lam Orton French Perfection Tailor System. Seamless Basques without one inch of visible seam, in lining or goods, not even on the shoulder. Successful dressmaking requires as much earnest progressive study as successful work in any profession. No detail is too small to be looked after. We teach you to make dresses with or without seam and guarantee perfect fits, and complete your course with a diploma.

The Best Prescriptions for Malaria, Ague and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50 cents. tf

AN ADVERTISING SOLICITOR  
WANTED.

Wanted—An active man, who understands soliciting advertising, to take a position on The Colored American. It is a good paying, permanent position for the right kind of man. Apply at this office. tf

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Apply to— MRS. M. J. BUNDY,  
941 T St., N. W.

SUPREME COURT  
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,  
Holding a Probate Court.  
No. 11097, Administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, who was by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia granted letters of Administration on the estate of Nancy Mack, deceased, has, with the approval of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding a Probate Court, appointed Thursday, the 21st day of January, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m., as the time, and said Court room as the place, for making payment and distribution from said estate, under the Court's direction and control, when and where all creditors and persons entitled to distributive shares or a residue, are notified to attend, in person or by agent or attorney duly authorized, with their claims against the estate properly vouched.

Given under my hand this 29th day of December, 1903.

HAMPTON JACOBS,  
1017 21st St., N. W.

Attest:  
JOHN R. ROUZER,  
Deputy Register of Wills for the  
District of Columbia,  
Clerk of the Probate Court.

THIS PAPER FOR SALE AT:

Plummer's, 732 2d St., S. W.  
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